

Adair County News

VOLUME XXI

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MCH. 6 1918.

NUMBER 19

Personals.

Mr. Ed Rogers, Greensburg, was here Monday.

Mr. Cecil Ramsey is here from Monticello.

Miss Lettie Young visited in Campbellsville last week.

Mr. J. T. Gowdy, Campbellsville, was here last Thursday.

Mr. J. H. Kimbaird, of Rad Lick, was here a few days ago.

Mrs. C. G. Jeffries was quite sick several days of last week.

Mr. Lincoln Denton, Somerset, was here the latter part of last week.

Mr. E. N. Milby, Lebanon, an insurance agent, was here last Thursday.

Mr. Anderson Murrell left the middle of last week for Champaign, Ill.

Mrs. J. P. Cabell, Miami, visited her sister, Mrs. W. B. Patterson, last week.

Mrs. Collins Bridgewater, Louisville, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Breeding.

Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Mr. Scott Todd, left for her situation, in Ohio, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Sullivan, Campbellsville, spent several days of last week in Columbia.

Prof. and Mrs. G. L. Crume visited their former home, Vine Grove, from last Friday until Sunday.

Miss Sallie E. Murphey, of Phil, is visiting her aunts, Mrs. R. F. Rowe and Mrs. Maggie Rubarts.

Mr. J. O. Russell returned from Norton Infirmary, Louisville, Sunday. His condition is very much improved.

Mrs. Herman Barnett and little daughter, Nancy, of St. Louis, arrived last week and will remain some time.

Mr. R. L. Campbell, Dirigo, was here the latter part of last week. He is recovering from a spell of pneumonia.

Miss Katherine E. Murrell spent Saturday and Sunday with Misses Maggie and Mary Chandler, Campbellsville.

Forest Bryant, who is a soldier at Camp Hattisburg, and who has made a record as a marksman, is at home on a furlough.

Rev. Granville Jagers, who is located at Sparksville, was in Columbia Friday on his return home, from Munfordville.

Misses Kate Gill and Dora Eubank, who have been teaching at McKinneysburg, Pendleton county, returned home last week.

Mr. J. A. Wilmore and wife, of New York, are visiting at the home of Mr. Allen Walker, Mrs. Walker being a sister of Mr. Wilmore.

Dr. H. B. Simpson and mother, of Breeding, left here last Thursday for Louisville. The latter's mission is to consult an eye specialist.

Mr. P. C. Jones, of East Fork was here Monday, meeting his many friends. He brought us a few twists of old tobacco which we appreciated.

Mrs. Hester Robinson, who is a native of Adair county, but who now lives in Tellbridge, Canada, arrived last Wednesday night, to visit relatives on Crocus.

Mr. Clyde Crenshaw, who was deputy sheriff under S. H. Mitchell, went to Campbellsville last Wednesday with the view of accepting the Town Marshal's place of that city.

Mr. G. W. Dillon, Mr. Rich Dillon and Mr. Fred Simpson, of Breeding, were here last Thursday, the two last to be examined for the army. Fred passed but Rich was underweight.

Mr. E. S. Crume, father-in-law, of Mr. Barksdale Hamlett, returned to his home, Elizabethtown, last Friday. Mrs. Crume will remain here, with her daughter, several weeks.

Mr. S. S. Terrill, who travels for the sale of druggist's sundries, out of Louisville, was in Columbia a few days since. It was his first visit to Columbia and he was very much impressed with the town.

Mr. G. R. Reed, who went to Fort McPherson, to see his brother, Edgar, returned last Saturday forenoon. He found Edgar very much better, going about, and Saturday morning he expected to be able to start for his unit, now in the East, and in a very short time leave for France.

Mr. B. T. Marshall, as companionable a salesman as ever open a grip, was here to see our merchants last Wednesday. He carries a fine line of coffees and was honored with several orders while in Columbia. He sells

upon the merit of his goods and appreciates the business he receives.

Mrs. Betue Cheek, of Nashville, has been in rather poor health this winter, but she hopes to get rid of the grippe, which has caused much suffering when Spring opens. This information is learned from Mrs. Wm. Coleman, who left for her home in Nashville last Thursday morning.

Farmers are busy, turning corn ground.

It is said that the outlook for straw berries and other small fruits is fine.

The fishing season will now open. It is said that game fish are plentiful in both Russell Creek and Green river.

Allen Walker sold Richard Donohoe one mule for \$235. He also sold Melvin Conover three head of cattle for \$100.

I have a thoroughbred Jersey Bull that will serve at \$1.50 at the gate. 15-1f Joe Barbee.

This office has a good 6 horse power gasoline engine which can be bought for much less than its worth. 18-1f

Lost—Silk cloth umbrella, conspicuous horn handle with gold band and heavy staff. Return to News Office and get reward.

Clean off your garden, but wait until the ground is in good condition before you plow. If the soil is too wet when plowed the seed will do no good.

Mr. R. E. Tandy and family will remove to their farm, near Bliss, this week. They will be missed from Columbia where they have resided for more than three years.

Lost—A pair of glasses with shell rims. When lost were in the case with "Southern Optical Co." stamp. Return to News Office and get reward.

A small house that stood on a piece of land, belonging to J. G. and S. F. Eubank, was burned last Tuesday night. It was not occupied and the origin of the fire is unknown.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church have turned their society into a sewing circle and it is now busy working for the Red Cross. Other church societies should follow suit.

From the information that comes to this office, twenty-five or thirty young people of Columbia and vicinity wrestled with the measles last week. Those that were first attacked are about well.

Mr. Jas. T. Page has received a letter from his brother-in-law, Eld. W. K. Azbill, stating that his son, Mr. Paul Azbill, has been commissioned a Major and will go to France soon.

The mother of Mr. Gordon Emerson, who lives at Fout Hill, Russell county, died recently. She was 78 years old, a lovable Christian character and will be missed by many relatives and friends.

Mr. Geo. McMahan reports that there was a terrible storm at Greensburg and out in the county of Green Monday night of last week. Several small houses were unroofed and a barn was blown down, killing one mule.

Mr. G. W. Lowe, who purchased a cottage from Mr. J. S. Breeding, located on the street leading to the Graded School, has moved into it, and is comfortably situated. He expects to add some improvements to the building.

Two of Judge H. C. Baker's contributions have the same number, 5. This was done for the reason that No. 5 could not all be published in one issue. Persons who are filing the papers containing this history will bear in mind that there are two No. 5's.

Mr. E. E. Cheatham, who lives in the suburbs of Columbia, fell from his stable loft two weeks ago into a manger below, breaking three ribs. He is now able to go about with the aid of a cane, but it will be several weeks before he thoroughly recovers.

Mrs. Hallie Borders, whose maiden name was Rice, the widow of Mr. George Borders, who conducted a hotel at Campbellsville for a number of years, died in Arlington, Ga., Sunday of last week. She was seventy years old and leaves a number of sons and daughters, Mr. Robert Borders, who is a traveling salesman, and who makes this town, being one of the sons.

L. E. Young in the corner of the Jeffries Hotel will examine your eyes free, and fit your glasses at lowest professional charges.

A little girl, five or six years old, named Graham, a cousin of Mr. F. H. Durham, this place, was burned to death at her home, Merrimac, Taylor county, last Tuesday.

Osteopatically, a standard treatment for pain in the shoulders, back, neck, chest, hips or side. Correspondence solicited. Consultation free. See Dr. Menzies adv. 19-1f

Eld. Z. F. Williams' friends throughout the State will be glad to learn that he is rapidly gaining his health. He informed the News a few days ago that he was feeling better than he had for a long time. He is filling his appointments and preaches without difficulty.

Claud Edgington, Cane Valley, and Vance Gowdy, Campbellsville, have purchased the Hinchison truck, which was owned here, and will continue to run it between Columbia and Campbellsville. We are informed that the consideration was \$1,500.

The little village of Romine, on Campbellsville pike, sustained the loss of a good Christian woman last week when Mrs. J. R. Romine died. She was 77 years old and leaves a husband and ten children. The funeral was largely attended.

I have accepted the agency for the Overland Automobile, one of the smoothest runners on the road and is not complicated. I have one now on exhibition at my garage in Columbia. Call and see it if you want a car. 19-2f G. M. Stevenson.

Monday was county court day and a fair crowd came in. There was not much business before the County Judge, but upon the square there was some trading in stock. The Master Commissioner sold several tracts of land by order of court, and the merchants did a good business.

S. C. Neat, County Court Clerk, issued the following marriage licenses in February besides the ones heretofore announced: Geo. Bunch and Ada Spencer; Jenkins Pickett and Willie Edwards; Jas. D. Burton and Viola Burton; Chas. Wingle and Mary Farmer; Ben Harden and Lettie E. Hatcher.

Elzy Young has purchased from his father, J. H. Young, the Butler farm lying near Columbia, and the deed was made last Thursday. The consideration is not announced, but \$15,000 has heretofore been refused for the plantation. It is one of the best corn farms in Adair county.

Mr. Clyde Crenshaw will remove to Campbellsville this week, having accepted the Town Marshal's place of that city. He is given a nice salary and fees. Mr. Crenshaw has been a deputy sheriff of Adair county, and in that capacity he made a diligent officer, and there is scarcely a doubt but he will make Campbellsville a watchful and determined marshal.

Harlan Christie, whose father Capt. Norman Christie, was born and reared in Adair county, was tried at Springfield last week upon the charge of killing Houston Butler, in Washington county, several months ago. At the conclusions of the testimony Judge Thurman gave peremptory instructions and the accused was promptly acquitted.

Next Sunday forenoon the honor roll, containing the names of all the young men who have been called to the army from the Presbyterian Church and Sunday school will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. There will be special music. Every body is invited to be present. There are forty-odd names, so we are informed. The Presbyterian church building should be well-filled, as the services will be both religious and patriotic.

Mules For Sale.

I will have twenty good mules at my barn in Columbia the last of this week and until sold. Among them several pairs closely mated. They were bought in Marion and Washington counties, and are all of good kind, 3 to 6 years old. S. M. Burdette, 18-1f Columbia, Ky.

Mr. Sam Jeffries, who was one of the young men who went to Camp Zachary Taylor, last week, writes his brother, Mr. C. G. Jeffries, that he has been well clothed, has plenty to eat and a comfortable bed upon which to sleep—as well treated as he could be in Columbia. The same treatment is accorded to all the boys who went with Mr. Jeffries.

Owing to the bad condition of the pike, the truck owners and wagons have agreed that after the 16th of this month 30 cents per hundred will be charged for freight from Campbellsville to Columbia.

Young & Hutchison, Claud Edgington, Stonewall Bohoney, Oma Barke-

Fertilizers

We have bought several car loads of Fertilizers for corn, tobacco and other crops, which will be coming in this week. Call and see us before buying. Our prices will please you.

The Durham Produce House.

Wanted.

Second growth Oak and Hickory Spokes, 4 x 4, 28 inches long. Will pay \$125.00

Adair Spoke Co. 19-1f

Regular Meeting at Zion Baptist Church March 9 and 10.

We urge every member to be present at the business meeting on next Saturday as the pastor has some very important things to say to the church. O. P. Bush, Pastor.

Wanted.

Good seed corn that will test 85 per cent and up. Any good variety that was properly matured and cared for during the winter will do, if the germination is sufficiently high. Will test it for you free of charge. Office of Adair County News.

What the Red Cross is Doing in Columbia.

One box of supplies has already been sent to headquarters, by the Woman's department of the local chapter of the Red Cross. This box contained 45 suits of outing pajamas, 20 surgical shirts, 25 pairs of bed socks, 21 sweaters, 39 pairs of wristlets and 2 knitted wash rags, all of which have been made—either sewed or knitted—by a very small per cent, of the ladies of the community.

Every body, who can sew or knit at all, should be represented in the next shipment of supplies, as these articles are badly needed; then, too, this is a great work—working for our soldier boys—and no one can afford to neglect any opportunity for doing her "bit."

Oil News.

Richardson & Goff contractors, have moved machinery to the Sarah Hadley farm located on Harrods Fork creek where a number of wells will be drilled for the Southern Oil & Refining Co., of Denver, Col. The first well will be watched with much interest, as it is located just two hundred feet south of an old well which was drilled in the year of 1867, and it is claimed by old settlers that this well produced fifty barrels of oil daily when it was drilled, several others good producers were drilled in this vicinity at the same date, the cost of getting the oil to market and the low price of crude prevailing at that time forced the operators to abandon this field.

The Kentucky Oil Coal & Timber Co. Denver, Col., have let contracts for two wells to be drilled on their acreage near the town of Columbia, drilling to begin on or before March 25.

The Keota Mutual Oil & Development Co. Denver, Col., are under contract to drill two wells on their holdings near Neatsburg, drilling to start as soon as a machine can be secured to do the drilling.

The Wyoming—Kentucky Petroleum Co. Denver, Col. are making arrangements to start a test of four wells on their acreage near Sparksville.

Mr. John P. Hogan of Buffalo, N. Y. Geologist was in Adair county looking over territory held by the Ohio Producing & Refining Co. of Buffalo, N. Y. Their territory is located near Glens Fork and Crocus creek.

Adair county will be very active as soon as the weather will permit. The entire county is practically leased up by companies that intend to develop.

COMMITTS SUICIDE.

Geo. A. Cheatham, Sixty-nine Years

Old, Suicides By Hanging

Himself. Body Found

Sunday Morning

FUNERAL SERVICES MONDAY FORENOON.

Mr. Geo. A. Cheatham, who was sixty-nine years old, who lived just outside the corporate limits of Columbia, was found hanging in his woodshed last Sunday morning about 7:30 o'clock. The deed was evidently committed some time during the forenoon Saturday. He lived alone in his home, his wife having died about nine months ago, leaving no children. Since the death of his wife he has brooded daily over the loss of his companion, and it was often remarked that he was unbalanced.

He left a will, written by himself, which he placed in his mail box in the forenoon Saturday, as a passer by saw it, that is a paper, in the box at 11 a. m., Saturday. He was not seen about his premises in the afternoon Saturday, and for that reason it is believed that he ended his life in the afternoon, same day.

Not showing up Sunday morning, his neighbors instituted a search, and after some time his body was discovered hanging from a joice in his woodshed. The alarm was at once given and quite a crowd visited the scene, Dr. C. M. Russell, who is the Coroner of the county, being one of the number. After the body was lowered an inquest was held, the verdict of the jury being that the deceased came to his death by his own hands.

The contents of the paper, found in the mail box, was written by himself and signed, but not dated. In the will he stated that he wanted Elmo Strange to have his hog and chickens. He directed that his home be sold and everything else that he left that would bring money, and that the proceeds of the sale and what money he left be given to some orphan's home. The property left after the sale, he directed that he wanted it piled and burned, that he did not want his relatives nor his wife's relatives, to have anything he left.

Geo. A. Cheatham was born and reared in Cumberland county, but had lived where he died for nearly thirty years. He was married to Miss Abbie Vaughan, of this place, when a young man, and he was perfectly devoted to her. She died in June, 1917.

The deceased was an honest man, a member of the Christian Church and had been for many years. The funeral services were conducted at the home by Eld. Z. T. Williams, many friends being present. After religious services the remains were borne to the city cemetery and there deposited by the side of his wife. Peace to his memory.

Married During the Holidays.

George T. Herriford and Miss Mabel R. Ewing were married at Lexington, Dec. 28, 1917. Miss Ewing now Mrs. Herriford is teacher of Modern Languages in the Columbia High School.

Miss Ewing came here from her home at Stanton, Ky., several years ago, and by her charms as a young woman and her high accomplishments and educational attainments won not only the hearts of our people and school board, but the devotion and hand of one of our best and most substantial young men. We heartily congratulate the "lucky boy." Mrs. George T. Herriford will finish out her work here as High School teacher during the present term of school. Their future home has not been decided upon yet by the happy couple, but all who know them are hoping that Columbia will be their permanent residence.

The marriage of George and Miss Ewing, altho they have tried persistently to keep it a secret since the happy event, as now announced, is no surprise to those who have suspected it all along. We have had a sneaking suspicion all the time that when George went to the Blue Grass about Xmas time, he was going on his honeymoon.

Mrs. Nancy Ann Burton, who was the beloved wife of Lee Burton, died at her late home, Purdy, this county, Friday, March, 1, 1918. She had many friends and relatives and her death is deeply deplored. She was a good Christian woman, having been a member of the Baptist Church for fourteen years. The funeral was largely attended. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrenous Cowen. The entire neighborhood is in sympathy with those who have been bereft.

Public Sale.

I will offer for sale at public Auction on Tuesday, March 12 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. at my home on the D. P. Rice farm, one mile south of Holmes post office, on the Springfield road, the following property:

1 pair mare mules, coming 6-year-old, 16 hands.

1 extra good brood mare coming 7 years.

1 fine filly, 3 years.

4 milk cows, will be fresh from March 10 to May 1.

2 extra yearling steers and 1 fine heifer.

18 stock hogs, weight about 80 lbs.

2 extra good brood sows.

75 barrels picked corn.

10,000 pounds baled hay.

Farming implements and many other articles. Terms made known on day of sale.

Come help the the boy who goes to fight our Country's cause. Geo. M. Rice, Holmes, Ky.

A Tribute to a Departed Friend.

The news editor of this paper was grieved when the intelligence of the death of Dr. J. B. Buchanan, Campbellsville, reached Columbia. The end came last Saturday week after a lingering illness lasting for several years, the last six or seven months being confined to his bed. His father died when the subject of this notice was an infant, and some years after his demise the widow was again married, to Dr. W. T. Chandler and in the latter's home Dr. Buchanan was reared. Soon after reaching his majority the deceased became a graduate physician, and not long after opening his office he became very prominent in the profession. He was well-known to leading physicians over the State, his opinions in regard to treating obstinate cases being regarded as valuable. He was well educated and a gentleman of much reading, and a very entertaining conversationalist—a companionable man, one whose thoughts enlightened his associates.

The writer and the deceased were near the same age and they became acquainted and associates when they were boys. We fished, hunted, jumped and played marbles and ball together, and all his traits manifested that he was a manly man. He was a devoted Mason and had reached a high rank, and on Sunday following his demise the local lodge and Marion Commandry followed his remains to Brookside cemetery where they were lowered to mother earth, the latter organization using its beautiful and solemn ceremony.

"Jim Brack," as you were called in halcyon days, like all the flesh, you had your faults, but the good you did for your fellow man overshadowed the short comings that came into your life; and when I think of your gentlemanly character, your culture and talent, I want to say

That the stars go down to reappear in a brighter world.

The deceased leaves a wife and several sons and daughters and a host of relatives, all of whom and the town of Campbellsville have been made poorer.

May the God of love sanctify the passing of this good and useful man for the benefit of all who have been bereft, is the wish of one who knew the departed from early manhood, and whose death he deeply deplores.

Paid List.

The following persons have sent in remittances and subscribed and paid for the News since our issue of last week:

O. V. Cheatham, W. R. Lyon, L. R. Chelf, Etzel Dunbar, T. I. Smith, Laura Sinclair, R. W. Page, Dr. J. A. Yates, V. Bryant, J. G. Kniffley, Cassius Hood, J. K. Mitchell, P. C. Jones, J. B. Keltner, J. E. Johnson, Fred Denson, Caldwell Norton, J. T. Gowdy, F. A. Lewis, C. A. Walker, D. A. McMahan, John B. Grant, R. A. Hubbard, H. C. Bennett, Oscar Sinclair, C. Y. Cowen, W. H. Jones, J. G. Grant, Walter Elrod, D. F. Tarter, J. W. Simpson, C. G. Rogers.

For Sale.

Five shoats, will weigh from 40 to 50 pounds. 19-2f

B. L. Conover.

Eggs for Hatching.

Pure bred Light Brahma eggs, \$1.50 for 15. 18-1f

N. B. Kelsay.

The Yukon Trail

A TALE OF THE NORTH
BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE
Copyright, 1907, by William MacLeod Raine.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—As a representative of the government, Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. The boat he meets and becomes involved in a fellow passenger, whom he is Sheba O'Neill, alias "Red Head," a MacDonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate under investigation. On board, MacDonald is attacked by laborers whom he had discharged. The active intervention of Elliot prevents his life.

CHAPTER II—Elliot and MacDonald come in a measure friendly, though the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission which threatens to spoil plans of MacDonald to acquire millions of dollars through the unlawful exploitation of immensely valuable coal fields. Elliot also is a line on the position occupied by Selfridge, MacDonald's right-hand man who is returning from a visit to the States, where he went in an effort to convince the authorities that there was nothing wrong in MacDonald's methods.

CHAPTER III—Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while she is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They secure a high and reach a position from which it is impossible for Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back.

CHAPTER IV—Elliot leaves Sheba and the imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. He meets MacDonald, who had become alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba.

CHAPTER V—Landing at Kuskiak, Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba came to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's mother. At Kuskiak, Elliot reveals to MacDonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER VI—MacDonald, foreseeing the ruin of his financial plans if Elliot gains the facts, sends Selfridge to Kuskiak to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation.

CHAPTER VII—Elliot, on his way to Kamathah, wanders on the trail. He loses his horse in a marsh and is compelled to throw away rifle and provisions and all unnecessary clothing. After long struggles he realizes that he will never reach Kamathah, and resigns himself to death.

CHAPTER VIII—At Kamathah, Gideon Holt, old prospector and bitter enemy of MacDonald, learns of Elliot's coming and determines to let him know the truth. Selfridge has Holt kidnapped and taken on "prospecting" expedition. Elliot, barefooted, wanders into their camp and is rescued.

CHAPTER IX—Holt recognizes Elliot and the two overpower the kidnappers and reach Kamathah. Holt gives Elliot the real facts concerning the coal lands deal.

CHAPTER X—Having all the information he wants, Elliot with Holt goes back to Kuskiak. On the way they meet a scout, Metecsee, with her child. She is Mr. MacDonald's son. Reaching Kuskiak, Elliot becomes convinced that Diane, Mrs. Paget's daughter, is doing her utmost to induce Sheba to marry MacDonald. He determines to win her for himself.

CHAPTER XI—MacDonald confesses to Sheba that he had wronged her father in a mining transaction and makes financial restitution. MacDonald and Sheba become engaged, and Elliot is sent down the river on official business.

CHAPTER XII—Genevieve Mallory, adventuress, who has determined to win MacDonald, learns of Metecsee and her child and sends for them to confront MacDonald. They visit Sheba and she learns the truth. MacDonald blames Elliot for bringing the Indian woman to Kuskiak. Sheba breaks the engagement.

CHAPTER XIII—Convinced that Elliot had induced Metecsee to visit Sheba, MacDonald sends Selfridge to warn him to leave Kuskiak at once, threatening to shoot him on sight. Elliot refuses to go, and purchases a revolver.

CHAPTER XIV—MacDonald, carrying large sum of money to pay employees, is assaulted and badly hurt. Elliot rescues him and carries him to Kuskiak. Elliot is arrested, charged with attempt to murder MacDonald.

CHAPTER XV—Sheba and Diane visit Elliot and assure him of their belief in his innocence. MacDonald's attitude puzzles Diane.

CHAPTER XVI—Elliot learns that papers have been taken by Selfridge from his room at the hotel. He breaks in and recovers them, and is again arrested.

CHAPTER XVII—MacDonald gives bonds and arranges for Elliot's release. On a business trip, Elliot is compelled to seek shelter in a miners' camp. The men arrest him as an enemy of their interests, attempt to kill him. He escapes.

Oddly enough, it was to Genevieve Mallory that MacDonald went for consolation when he learned that Sheba had left town. He had always found it very pleasant to drop in for a chat with her, and she saw to it that he met the same friendly welcome now that a rival had annexed his scalp to her slender waist. For Mrs. Mallory did not concede defeat. If the Irish girl could be eliminated, she believed she would yet win.

His hostess looked up at him with a mocking little smile.

"Rumor says that she has run away, my lord. Is it true?"

"Yes. Slipped away on the stage this morning."

"That's a good sign. She was afraid to stay."

It was a part of the fiction between them that Mrs. Mallory was to give him the benefit of her advice in his wooing of her rival. She seemed to take it for granted that he would at last marry Sheba after wearing away the rigid Puritanism of her resentment.

MacDonald had never liked her so well as now. Her point of view was so sane, so reasonable. It asked for no impossible virtues in a man. There was something restful in her genial, derisive understanding of him. She had a silent divination of his moods and ministered indolently to them.

"Do you think so? Ought I to follow her?" he asked.

She showed a row of perfect teeth

in a low ripple of amusement. The situation at least was piquant, even though it was at her expense.

"No. Give the girl time. Catch her impulse on the rebound. She'll be bored to death at Katma and she will come back docile."

Her scarlet lips, the long, unbroken lines of the sinuous, opulent body, the challenge of the smoldering eyes, the warmth of her laughter, all invited him to forget the charms of other women. The faint feminine perfume of her was wafted to his brain. He felt a besieging of the blood.

Stepping behind the chair in which she sat, he tilted back the head of lustrous bronze, and very deliberately kissed her on the lips.

For a moment she gave herself to his embrace, then pushed him back, rose, and walked across the room to a little table. With fingers that trembled slightly she lit a cigarette. Sheathed



For a Moment She Gave Herself to His Embrace.

in her close-fitting gown, she made a strong carnal appeal to him, but there was between them, too, a close bond of the spirit. He made no apologies, no explanation.

Presently she turned and looked at him. Only the deeper color beneath her eyes betrayed any excitement.

"Unless I'm a bad prophet you'll get the answer you want when Sheba comes back, Colby."

He thought her reply to his indiscretion superb. It admitted complicity, reproached, warned and at the same time ignored. Never before had she called him by his given name. He took it as a token of forgiveness and renunciation.

Why was it not Genevieve Mallory that he wanted to marry? The mine-owner carried with him back to his office a sense of the futile irony of life. A score of men would have liked to marry Mrs. Mallory. She had all the sophisticated graces of life and much of the natural charm of an unusually attractive personality. He had only to speak the word to win her, and his fancy had flown in pursuit of a little Puritan with no knowledge of the world.

In front of the Seattle & Kuskiak Emporium the Scotsman stopped. A little man who had his back to him was bargaining for a team of huskies. The man turned, and MacDonald recognized him.

"Hello, Gid. Aren't you off your usual beat a bit?" he asked.

The little miner looked him over impudently. "Well—well! If it ain't the big mogul himself—and wantin' to know if I've got permission to travel off the reservation."

"I reckon you travel where you want to, Gid—same as I do."

"Maybeso. I shouldn't wonder if you'd find out quite soon enough what I'm doing here. You never can tell," the old man retorted with a manner that concealed volumes.

Those who were present remembered the words and in the light of what took place later thought them significant.

"Anyhow, it is quite a social event for Kuskiak," MacDonald suggested with a smile of irony.

Without more words Holt turned back to his bargaining. The big Scotsman went on his way, remembered that he wanted to see the cashier of the bank which he controlled, and promptly forgot that old Gid existed.

The old man concluded his purchase and drove up to the hotel behind one of the best dog teams in Alaska.

Gideon asked a question of the porter.

"Second floor. That's his room up there," the man answered, pointing to a window.

"Oh, you, seven—eighteen—ninety-nine," the little miner shouted up.

Elliot appeared at the window.

"Well, I'll be hanged! What are you doing here, Old-Timer?"

"Once I knew a man lived to be a grandpa minding his own business," grinned the little man. "Come down and I'll tell you all about it, boy."

In half a minute Gordon was beside him. After the first greetings the young man nodded toward the dog team.

"How did you persuade Tim Ryan to lend you his huskies?"

"Why, don't you take a paper and keep up with the news, son? These huskies don't belong to Tim."

"Meaning that Mr. Gideon Holt is the owner?"

"You've done guessed it," admitted the miner complacently.

He had a right to be proud of the team. It was a famous one even in the North. It had run second for two years in the Alaska sweepstakes to MacDonald's great Siberian wolf-hounds. The leader, Butch, was the hero of a dozen races and a hundred savage fights.

"What in Halifax do you want with the team?" asked Elliot, surprised. "The whole outfit must have cost a small fortune."

"Some dust," admitted Gideon proudly. He winked mysteriously at Gordon. "I got a use for this team, if anyone was to ask you."

"Haven't taken the government mail contract, have you?"

"Not so you could notice it. I'll tell you what I want with this team, as the old sayin' is," Holt lowered his voice and narrowed slyly his little beady eyes. "I'm going to put a crimp in Colby MacDonald. That's what I aim to do with it."

"How?"

The miner beckoned Elliot closed and whispered in his ear.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the Dead of Night.

While Kuskiak slept that night the wind shifted. It came roaring across the range and drove before it great scudding clouds heavily laden with sleety snow. From dark till dawn the roar of the wind filled the night. Before morning heavy drifts had wiped out the roads and sheeted the town in virgin white unbroken by trails or furrows.

With the coming of daylight the tempest abated. Kuskiak got into its working clothes and dug itself out from the heavy blanket of white that had tucked it in. By noon the business of the town was under way again. That which would have demoralized the activities of a Southern city made little difference to these Arctic Circle dwellers. Roads were cleared, paths shoveled, stores opened. Children in parkas and fur coats trooped to school and studied through the short afternoon by the aid of electric light.

Dusk fell early and with it came a scatter of more snow. Mrs. Selfridge gave a dinner-dance at the club that night and her guests came in furs of great variety and much value. The hostess outdid herself to make the affair the most elaborate of the season. Nobody in Kuskiak of any social importance was omitted from the list of invited except Gordon Elliot. Even the grumpy old cashier of MacDonald's bank—an old bachelor who lived by himself in rooms behind those in which the banking was done—was persuaded to break his custom and appear in a rusty old dress suit of the vintage of '95.

The grizzled cashier—his name was Robert Milton—left the clubhouse early for his rooms. It was snowing, but the wind had died down. Contrary to his custom, he had taken two or three glasses of wine. His brain was excited so that he knew he could not sleep. He decided to read "Don Quixote" by the stove for an hour or two.

Arrived at the bank, he let himself into his rooms and locked the door. He stooped to open the draft of the stove when a sound stopped him halfway. The cashier stood rigid, still crouched, waiting for a repetition of the noise. It came once more—the low, dull rasping of a file.

Shivers ran down the spine of Milton and up the back of his head to the roots of his hair. Somebody was in the bank—at two o'clock in the morning—with tools for burglary. He was a scholarly old fellow, brought up in New England and cast out to the uttermost frontier by the malign tragedy of poverty. Adventure offered no appeal to him.

But though his knees trembled beneath him and the sickness of fear was gripping his heart, Robert Milton had in him the dynamic spark that makes a man. He tiptoed to his desk and with shaking fingers gripped the revolver that lay in a drawer.

The cashier braced himself for the plunge, then slowly trod across the room to the inner, locked door. The palsied fingers of his left hand could scarce turn the key.

It seemed to him that the night was alive with the noise he made in turning the lock and opening the door. The hinges grated and the floor squeaked beneath the fall of his foot as he stood at the threshold.

Two men were in front of the wire grating which protected the big safe that filled the alcove to the right. One held a file and the other a candle. Their blank, masked faces were turned toward Milton, and each of them covered him with a weapon.

"W—what are you doing here?" quavered the cashier.

"Drop that gun," came the low, sharp command from one of them.

Some old ancestral instinct in the bank cashier rose out of his name to

destroy him. He wanted to lie down quietly in a faint. But his mind asserted its mastery over the weakening



"Drop That Gun," Came the Low, Sharp Command.

body. In spite of his terror, of his flaccid will, he had to keep the faith. He was guardian of the bank funds. At all costs he must protect them.

His forearm came up with a jerk. Two shots rang out almost together. The cashier sagged back against the wall and slowly slid to the floor.

The guests of Mrs. Selfridge danced well into the small hours. The California champagne stimulated a gaiety that was balm to her soul. She wanted her dinner-dance to be smart, to have the atmosphere she had found in the New York cabarets. If everybody talked at once, she felt they were having a good time. If nobody listened to anybody else, it proved that the affair was a screaming success.

Mrs. Wally was satisfied as she bade her guests good-by and saw them pass into the heavy snow that was again falling. They all assured her that there had not been so hilarious a party in Kuskiak.

One old-timer, a trifle lit up by reason of too much hospitality, phrased his enjoyment a little awkwardly. "It's been great, Mrs. Selfridge. Nothing like it since the days of the open dance hall."

Mrs. Mallory hastily suppressed an internal smile and stepped into the breach. "How do you do it?" she asked her hostess enviously.

"My dear, if you say it was a success—"

"What else could one say?" Genevieve Mallory always preferred to tell the truth when it would do just as well. Now it did better, since it contributed to her own ironic sense of amusement. MacDonald had once told her that Mrs. Selfridge made him think of the saying, "Monkey sees, monkey does." The effervescent little woman had never had an original idea in her life.

Most of those who had been at the dance slept late. They were oblivious of the fact that the storm had quickened again into a howling gale. Nor did they know the two bits of news that were passing up and down the main street and being telephoned from house to house. One of the items was that the stage for Katma had failed to reach the roadhouse at Smith's Crossing. The second bit of news was local. For the first time since Robert Milton had been cashier the bank had failed to open on the dot.

MacDonald was no sluggard. It was his habit not to let the pleasure of the night before interfere with the business of the morning after. But in the darkness he overslept and let the town waken before him. He was roused by the sound of knocking on his door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's me—Jones—Gopher Jones. Say, Mac, the bank ain't open and we can't rouse Milton. Thought I'd come to you, seeing as you're president of the shebang."

In three minutes MacDonald joined the marshal and walked down with him to the bank. He unlocked the front door and turned to the little crowd that had gathered.

"Better wait here, boys. Gopher and I will go in. I expect everything is all right, but we'll let you know about that as soon as we find out."

The bank president opened the door, let the officer enter, and followed himself.

The sun had not yet risen and the blinds were down. MacDonald struck a match and held it up.

"Bank's been robbed," he announced quietly.

"Looks like," agreed Jones. His voice was uneven with excitement.

The Scotch-Canadian lit another match. In the flare of it he saw that the steel grill cutting off the alcove was open and that the door had been blown from the safe.

The marshal clutched at the arm of the banker. "Did you see—that?" he whispered.

His finger pointed through the darkness to the other end of the room. In

Continued next week

Spain is much incensed over the sinking of the Spanish steamer Sebastain by a German submarine.

Automobile Line.

The Regular Line from Columbia to Campbellsville is owned and operated by W. E. Noe. He has in his employ safe and reliable drivers.

Transportation can be had at any hour at reasonable rates.

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We have handled over our floors, some 2,000,000 pounds at this time. On account of the restoration of the good prices at the beginning of the season we expect to handle close to a million more before the season closes.

Last week in one Days Sale We Sold 91,000 Pounds for \$16,000.

DARK AND BURLEY

Many crops of Burley averaged from \$30 to \$35. Dark From \$12 to \$15. One crop of 8,000 pounds brought an average of \$34, the best bringing \$40, and the common lugs \$20.

CAN THIS BE BEATEN IN THE PENNYRILE?

GREENSBURG LOOSE LEAF TOBACCO WAREHOUSE COMPANY.

A. W. HOWARD, Manager.

E. G. DOBSON, Secretary.

SKETCHES OF ADAIR COUNTY.

Historical and Biographical that Will be of Interest to all Readers of the News.

BY JUDGE H. C. BAKER.

No. 6.

To be continued.

About the year 1799 two white men, with their wives, appeared in Kentucky, who were more cruel and savage, even than the Indians. They were Micajah and Wiley Harpe—known in history as Big and Little Harpe. On one of their trips through the State they passed through what is now Adair, near the town of Columbia, and killed John, a twelve year old son of Col. Daniel Trabue. He had been sent to mill for a sack of meal, and was met on his return by the outlaws and killed. Years afterwards his bones were found in a cave or sink on the farm now owned by Will Flowers. Micajah was a man of giant frame and savage appearance. Wiley was a small man hence the names "Big and Little Harpe." They came into the State from Knoxville by way of the wilderness road, and said they were from the state of North Carolina. They stopped first near what is now Stanford, in Lincoln county. When they left they took the road leading to Green river. The day succeeding their departure a report reached the neighborhood that a young man by the name of Langford, on his way from Virginia to Kentucky, had been robbed and killed on the Wilderness road, and his body concealed under some logs.

Suspicion pointed to the Harpes as the perpetrators of the crime, and a party went out in pursuit and arrested them, in the bottom, near where the town of Liberty now stands. They found among the effects in their possession, linen shirts marked with

Langford's initials and other evidences of guilt.

They were confined in jail at Stanford, and later was removed to Danville for trial, the court being held there, but they broke jail and escaped, and were next heard from when the Trabue boy was killed.

Col. Daniel Trabue in his journal says "These murderers came near by my house to-wit: Daniel Trabue's, and they got my son, John." He says "They went on southwest twelve or fifteen miles. Here they killed a calf, in a remote part of the knobs on the East Fork of Little Barren. They left their old moccasins, and made new ones with the calf's skin. From thence they went on, and came across a man by the name of Mr. Stump, who had a good gun. When he had shot a turkey, they killed him, and took his gun. They killed another man by the name of Dooley, in what is now Metcalfe county. They then went to Big Barren river, where they killed two men, stole a canoe, and went down the river to Yellow Banks. Here they hid themselves for a time. They then went towards the Chickasaw nation, on to Stone river, and from there to Knoxville. At Knoxville they killed another man by the name of Ballard.

Coming into Kentucky again by way of Stockton Valley, which is in Clinton county, they killed a young man, son of Chesley Coffey, and smeared a tree with his brains to make it appear that his horse ran him against a tree.

Soon after killing Coffey, they overtook two brothers, Robert and James Brassel. They killed James, but Robert escaped. A little further on they killed another man, Tully, and hid his body under logs. When they left Stockton Valley, they went through Cumberland county, and up Marrowbone creek.

On this creek they called on an old man by the name of Graves, who had a son, a young

man. Mr. Graves and his son were making a crop at a new place in order to move the family when the place was ready for them. They killed Mr. Graves and his son, and hid them in some brush.

Telling of these events, Col. Trabue says "William Woods, Esq., was a bold and courageous young man, and not even waiting for their horses, he and Nat Stockton concluded they would go immediately on foot to my house, to-wit, Daniel Trabue's, expecting the murderers would go there, as I had a store and had been active in having them hunted. They got to my house, which was forty miles away, and told the news. Col. Trabue then lived near Columbia. He says, "I sent out that night for some neighbors, and made arrangements. We sent one man off next morning by sunrise to Frankfort to the Governor, that he might have it published in the newspapers. Mr. Wood's and Mr. Stockton's statements I wrote down, and had them swear to it, what they knew of their own knowledge, and what Robert Brassel had told them. I sent another man down to Yellow Banks to Gen. Samuel Hopkins with the news and the statement. I directed the man to go as fast as he could, and spread the news as he went.

The man I sent to Gen. Hopkins was John Ellis. He happened to go the same way the Harpes had taken. When they heard of him, they pursued, and tried to overtake him. Ellis had a good horse, and went 60 or 70 miles a day. The whole State got in a great uproar, because it was uncertain what route the murderers would take."

Big Harpe had two wives and little Harpe one, and after the escape from Danville, the wives with their children located about eight miles from the present site of the city of Henderson, where they lived during the winter of 1798-99, and ensuing spring. In the summer of 1799, Big and

Little Harpe travelled through Hopkins county on their way to join their wives. (We quote substantially from a sketch prepared by Hon. Jos. R. Underwood, decd., of Bowling Green, for Collin's History.)

The country on the south side of Green river was a wilderness with but few scattered settlers. The Harpes rode good horses, were well dressed in broadcloth coats and armed with rifles and hostlers and pistols. The wild, uninhabited conditions of the country was their apology for such equipment. They stopped for dinner at the house of a settler named James Hopkins. While resting themselves, and enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Hopkins, the Harpes passed themselves as Methodist preachers, and one of them said a long grace at the dinner table. After dinner the Harpes resumed their journey toward the Ohio river. The first cabin passed was that of Moses Stigall, then occupied by his wife and child, he then being from home. It is certain that on joining their wives, they lost no time in packing up and leaving.

They camped for the night a few miles from the residence of Stigall, who owed one of the women a dollar. Stigall met the party, and told the woman to call on his wife, and tell her to pay the dollar. He said his wife did not know where he kept his money and accordingly sent proper directions. One or all of the wives of the Harpes went to the house of Stigall and told his wife what her husband had said. She found his purse which contained about \$40 in silver out of which she paid the woman the dollar due her.

The wives told the Harpes about the money, and this led to the murders which followed. During the following night, the Harpes left the camp and went to the house of Stigall, got the money, murdered his wife and child, and Mr. Love who was with them, and then set the

house on fire, and burned the bodies. Two men, Hudgens and Gilmore, were returning from the Lick with salt, and had camped for the night not far from Stigalls. About daylight the Harpes went to their camp, and arrested them upon pretense that they had committed robbery, murder and arson at the house of Stigall. They shot Gilmore, who died on the spot. Hudgens broke and ran, but was overtaken by the Harpes and put to death. These facts were given after Big Harpes' death, by the wives.

News of these murders spread through the scattered population with rapidity, a company was formed, and the pursuit of these murderers commenced. When overtaken they were about to kill another man, Smith. Little Harpe ran into the bushes and escaped. Big Harpe, who was on horse-back, was pursued for several miles and wounded, and finally knocked from his horse. When Stigall, the husband of the murdered woman, came up to where he was lying, he placed the muzzle of his gun against his body, and shot him through the heart. Thus perished this brutal monster.

The historian says, "His head was cut off, a tall young tree growing by the side of the trail or road was selected, and trimmed of its lateral branches to the top, and then made sharp. On this point the head was fastened. The skull and jaw bone remained there for many years—after all else had been decomposed and mingled with the dust. The place where the tree grew was in Webster county, and is known upon the map of Kentucky as 'Harp's Head' to this day."

We read in Collin's History that "Little Harpe when next heard from was on the road which runs from New Orleans, through the Choctaw grant, to Tennessee. Whilst there he became acquainted with and joined the band of outlaws led by the celebrated Mason. Mason and Harpe committed many depredations upon the above mentioned road, and upon the Mississippi river. They continued this course of life for many years, and accumulated great wealth. Finally Mason and his band became so notorious and troublesome, that the governor of Mississippi territory offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his head. Harpe immediately determined to secure the reward for himself. Finding Mason one day in a thick cane brake, counting his money, he shot him, cut off his head, and carried it to the village of Washington, then the capital of Mississippi. A man who had been robbed about a year before by Mason's band, recognized Harpe, and upon his evidence he was arrested, arraigned, tried, condemned and executed. Thus perished the "Little Harpe," who, lacking the only good quality his brother possessed, courage, was if anything more brutal and ferocious."

Indications from Washington are that the Overman bill, urged by the President to give him increased power will not pass.

The freight sheds of the Adams Express Co., in Louisville, burned entailing a loss of \$100,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

MARSHALS AID FOR ENLISTED MAN'S FAMILY

Red Cross Home Service Stands by Relatives of Uncle Sam's Soldiers and Sailors.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second of a series of five articles prepared by Mr. Fieser on the subject of Red Cross Home Service. The three remaining articles are: "Financial Aid in Home Service," "What Has Been Taught Home Service Workers," and "Organizing and Training 30,000 Home Service Committees."

BY JAMES L. FIESER.
Director, Civilian Relief, Lake Division, American Red Cross.

Five million American women today are engaged in production of Red Cross hospital supplies, knitted articles and surgical dressings. And these women toil without slightest inkling of the identities of the men who will be comforted by their patriotic endeavors.

So it remains for the army of 20,000 Red Cross civilian relief, or Home Service, workers to bring the personal contact into the Red Cross work by holding out, in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, a helping hand to relatives of men in the service and, later, to the men themselves on their return from the battlefronts.

It remains for this army of 20,000 (which is backed by more than 3,000 chapters with a membership above 22,000,000) to marshal a reserve of medical, legal, educational, social and financial forces to assist in this "helping-hand business," in a manner honorable to the American Red Cross and worthy of those helped.

First of all, Red Cross Home Service centers about home solidarity getting lonely women back to life with their own people, watching over the interests of an expectant mother, reuniting scattered families and writing to men in the service about the situation in their homes.

Recently a young Italian in one of the cantonments within the Lake division was worried to a point where he was of little use to his government because he got no letters from his wife. He appealed to the Red Cross. A Home Service committee member investigated (they never embarrass the family by sending the whole committee) and found that he got no letters because his wife could not write. Arrangements were made for a letter to be written for the wife once a week. Simple service, but with wonderful results upon the soldier's state of mind. And, perhaps best of all, the young wife now is learning to read and write.

The Child Angle.
Then there is the children's side of it—there are men in the service who are fathers despite the fact that the public generally does not think that there are many fathers in the ranks.

Home Service workers are explaining lessons to children who fall behind in their classes. They see that children in need of medical care get that care. They are seeking to give kindly advice to the child just beginning to be wayward or disobedient.

Coming to the economic side of the service, Red Cross service workers are:

Fitting people to the right job and helping them stay fitted by trying to find out where the job pinches; seeing that insurance policies do not lapse; encouraging people, who have more ready money than usual (some do have), to spend it with good sense; protecting the recipient of pay allowance checks from the wiles of unscrupulous installment men and sales agents; getting the best legal and business advice in the perplexing problems sure to rise in war times.

And finally helping the crippled soldier or sailor. This work is still in the future, and, while not the most pleasant thing in the world to anticipate, provisions for it must be and is being made. This the Red Cross Home Service workers are planning to do by:

Encouraging employers to give suitable work to cripples that they may find permanent opportunity for entire or partial self support and chance for advancement; maintaining an information service regarding opportunities for such employment, or working with state and municipal employment instruments provided for this purpose; giving personal attention to the troubles and hopes of those who do not find satisfactory work and to others whose courage must not be allowed to fall; securing vocational training for those unfitted for the kind of work there is available; creating a public opinion which will encourage self support from all crippled soldiers and sailors to the degree that it is possible for them to work.

All this is, in brief, American Red Cross Home Service as it now operates and is planned. The program has been built up from the experiences of our allies. Without doubt, like all Red Cross work, the program will grow as the war grows older. One thing, however, is certain—

NOTHING LESS THAN THE PROGRAM AS OUTLINED ABOVE WILL MEASURE UP TO THE IDEALS OF AMERICA AND OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

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ARE NOW ARRIVING AT
Woodson Lewis' Big Store

You are Invited to Call at this Mammoth Establishment. Attractive Goods at Inviting Prices.

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My Warerooms are now full of the best Farm and Road Wagons on the Market. Vehicles that are known by Name to be Easy Runners and are Durable. They were bought before the Rise, and I am selling astonishingly low. Do not go elsewhere for or a Road or Farm Wagon.

Farming Plows

Plows that Plow, and at Prices BELOW COST. Why Buy the Inferior when you can get the BEST AT THE SAME MONEY.

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We Carry Only those whose Reputation Stands Back of their GUARANTEE and if you NEED a GRAIN DRILL DISC HARROW or a SMOOTHING HARROW, YOU will DO WELL TO SEE THIS LINE.

DRY GOODS, Shoes, Groceries and NOTIONS

We also carry a Full and Complete line of Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing, Groceries and Notions, at prices that will make you buy. In fact, to convince you that I can save you money on all purchases, you must come to the store—see my line, examine the quality, and you cant help but buy. Remember we buy in car load lots.

Fair and Courteous Treatment is our Policy
 in Business.

WOODSON LEWIS, Greensburg, Ky.

Sea Lure Now Strong Family Traditions Stimulate Young Mariners

The lure of service in the Merchant Marine was never stronger than now, and it is noticed by officials that many of the candidates for places aboard ship are members of former sea-going families.

Among the many young Americans now applying to the United States shipping board's recruiting service for training as deck officers, there appeared the other day one named Ashton, who was accepted and placed in a navigation school.

He said the dangers of the submarine zone had no terrors for him; that he came of a family of mariners who in earlier times had faced many dangers from wars, pirates and at sea and were ever ready to sail again.

To prove his statement the candidate produced a book detailing the adventures of one of his ancestors, who was seized by pirates, escaped from them, and lived nearly two years like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, but never regretted that he chose the life of a sailor.

This was Phillip Ashton of Marblehead, whose adventures were so extraordinary that Pastor John Barnard made the young man's safe return home the subject of a sermon, from the text, "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hands, O King."

Phillip Ashton commanded a fishing schooner, with a crew of four men and a boy, and when harboring for Sunday near Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, he was seized by one Ned Low, a pirate, who also took a dozen other peaceful fishing craft.

Putting his prisoners aboard his own ship, to be sent to Boston, Low transferred his crew to a Marblehead schooner, and started anew. Ashton was pressed into his service, at the point of a pistol.

The pirates ranged the seas eastward, and off the Azores captured a large Portuguese pink. In this, with the schooner in company, they sailed to "the Triangles, about forty leagues to the eastward of Surinam." Here they lost the pink, which filled and sank while being careened for cleaning.

Resuming their cruise in the schooner, they took several prizes in the West Indies. They then proceeded to the Gulf of Honduras, where they landed on an island, built huts and proceeded to spend their time in carousal.

Ashton had been ever watchful for a chance to escape, and here one presented itself. The cooper being sent

ashore on another island with a gang to get water, took Ashton with him. The young man helped fill the water casks, but at the first opportunity slipped into the bush. The pirates searched for him in vain.

For five days the young American sat at the edge of the woods and watched the island of the pirates. On the fifth day their ship sailed away and he felt safe, even though alone on a desert island.

Clad only in "an Osnaburg frock and trousers, a milled cap, but neither shirt, shoes, stockings nor anything else," the youth lived alone nine months on this island. He found it to be "well-watered, with high hills and deep valleys," in which were many fruit trees. He lived on figs, coconuts and "an orange, oval-shaped, of a brownish color without, and red within."

There were wild pigs on the island, and turtles on the beach, but he had no knife or weapon, and no means of making fire for cooking meat.

One day the young Crusoe saw a small canoe approaching the island. As it grounded on the beach, a man stepped out of it. He proved to be a "native of North Britain, well advanced in years, of a grave and venerable aspect," who had "lived for years with the Spaniards, but had fled from them when persecuted."

For three days the Scot lived on the island with the lad. Then he started for another island, to "kill wild hogs." Ashton was too weak to go with him. A storm came up, and Ashton never saw him again.

But the youth now had a knife and a flint, and life to him became endurable. He roasted the delicate flesh of the tortoise, and regained strength on the diet it afforded.

Three months passed. Then the young sailor, wandering on the beach, found the old man's canoe stranded. In this he left the island, and reached another; but being chased away by buccaners he kept on, finally reaching the island of Roatan.

Here he lived alone seven months more, being finally joined by a party of Englishmen, refugees from the main. The party was attacked by pirates, but Ashton and a companion escaped in a small boat, and succeeding in finding an English vessel among the islands of Honduras gulf.

Transferred finally to a Yankee ship, Ashton reached home in 1725, having been absent two years, ten months and fifteen days.

He soon went to sea again.

Secretary Wilson Says People Ought to Provide Full Man Power for War

Is this a capitalists' war? Do you believe the pacifists and pro-Germans? Read this extract from a speech by Secretary of Labor Wilson at St. Paul:

"If this is a capitalists' war, then it follows that congress and the president have been dominated by capitalism in declaring war, and it would follow also that they would be dominated by capitalism in pursuing the war. And yet, instead of permitting capital to secure profits at will, one of the first purposes granted the war administration was to fix prices at which capitalists should sell their products of labor; the selling price of coal at the mines was fixed, the price of wheat, the price of certain metal products and the price of copper fixed.

"But in no instance has there been any attempt on the part of the administration to fix the maximum price that should be paid for labor.

"This is a war of the people of the United States for their liberty. If our boys are willing to sacrifice their lives, if need be, surely we who remain at home ought to sacrifice our pride, our prejudices and our suspicions and provide our full man power in preparing the material by which these boys will defend our country."

Two Bits a Day Clubs, the New Way of Aiding the War

A movement has been inaugurated in Phoenix, Ariz., for the formation of "Two Bits a Day" clubs, the members of which are to buy a quarter's worth of thrift stamps every day. Three men each took 100 thrift cards, pasted one stamp on each card and sold the entire lot before two blocks had been covered. "Two bits" is the old term, dating back to the early days of the country, and is still used in the South and West. Every patriotic American now wants "to do his bit," says a treasury department bulletin. The members of these clubs are carrying out this idea finely in doing their "two bits" every day. It is hoped that "Two Bits a Day" clubs will be formed all over the country in the great war-savings campaign.

Beans and Aviation.

No one would ever associate the humble bean with the success or failure of a great aircraft program, writes H. E. Coffin, in the Saturday Evening Post, and yet just now we are arranging for the planting in America of a hundred thousand acres of castor beans, the oil from which is a vital necessity to the smooth running of aircraft engines.

Enid, Okla.

Jan. 30, 1918.

Mr. Walker Bryant,
Columbia, Ky.

Dear Bro:—

What do you think of the price fixing of wheat by now? We have got to pay the freight on it to Chicago which is 25cts per bushel. Corn is supposed to be worth \$2.20 per bushel in Chicago, we pay the freight on it and when we get it, it costs us \$2.25 per bushel. I tell you it is rotten from start to finish. Since the prices of coal was fixed, all coal is selling here at the same money, slack coal selling at \$8. per ton, and you can't get decent coal hardly at all, and before the price was fixed on coal you could buy this same slack coal at \$2.50 per ton. The prices are fixed so that the profit thieves can get rich. Ask us to eat corn bread and then allow them to charge us 6 cents per pound for meal, is not just. I am a true blooded American and if it takes all we have to protect Old Glory let them have it, but for Gods sake don't let the profit thieves get it. They are the ones who talk patriotism and not one bit about them. Unless I can be shown where I am wrong, I never will vote the Democrat ticket again, when a man knows he is voting against his own interest and the interest of the common people is one kind of a fool that is hopeless. I don't believe you can realize what we of the South West are up against, we have got a rotten deal clear through as 5-6 of the wheat raised west of the West Indian Meridian and not one man on the board fixing wheat prices from this territory, it is taxation without representation, but was all right if they had not stopped, but they are always going to and perhaps will regulate prices of other commodities when we have spent every thing we have lining the pockets of the millionaire. The day wheat prices was fixed steel went up 40 per cent. but after awhile steel prices was cut into in the middle and then steel was 10 per cent lower than before, yet a wheat drill that cost \$65.00 four years ago now costs \$175.00 and everything in proportion. Green cow hides a year ago sold at 17c per pound, finished leather sold for 80 cent per pound, now green hides are selling for 10 cents per pound, finished leather at \$1.50 per pound, sounds good don't it?

Your Brother,

Loe Bryant,

February 5, 1918,

Mr. Loe Bryant,

Enid, Okla.,

Dear Brother:—

I was surprised to receive this letter from you, couched in such terms, yet under the circumstances I can realize and appreciate your feelings to some extent. It does look like you people have been handed a cold deal in as much as you are the producers of the bulk of the wheat of the nation, and not being represented when the price of wheat was fixed, but Loe, I feel sure if you could look at the matter in the right light, you could see more justice in the act than you can just now, in view of the fact, that had no price been fixed on wheat by the government, it would have been so high that many poor people could not have bought enough to feed their

families. You must realize that there are hundreds of bread buyers to one wheat seller. I am willing to admit that as the price of farm products has been regulated, so should the price of all other commodities be regulated to correspond to the price of farm products. You say that green hides are only worth 10cts per pound there, I cannot understand how that can be, as the price paid here in Columbia is 22 cents per pound, you are certainly getting it in the neck there.

I am not going to argue with you as to how you ought to cast your vote in the future, you are a free man, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of your own conscience and the right to vote as you please, are sovereign rights, which were made possible by the founders of our Government, whose names have been rendered immortal, such men as George Washington, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the founder of Democracy; but as for me I do not think at heart, I could ever be any thing but a Democrat, as I believe in its teachings and principles as I believe in God or Heaven. I am fully convinced that there are men in power who would sell their souls for a mess of Pottage, but not all of them, their being so and possibly cloaked under the name of Democracy does not signify that Democratic principles are not right. Because Judas betrayed Christ and delivered him up to be crucified does not in the least effect the Divinity of Christ, neither does it prove that Christ was not a righteous man and the savior of the world. We may have our modern Judas, but that does not prove that Democracy is wrong or that Democracy was not the founder of all free governments of to day.

I am fully convinced that the world war of to day is a righteous war, and that to win it we are bound to feed not only our boys who have left their homes to fight for you and me and our children and many of them to die for us, but we must also feed our Allies, who are facing the German cannon and machine guns and are daily sacrificing their lives to protect innocence and virtue and our very existence as a free nation, and we could not have done this if the price of wheat, corn and other commodities had not been fixed and fixed at a price that our great common people could have sufficient bread to feed their families. I know that the country is full of hypocrites and grafters, who are making this war a means to gratify their lust for gold. Poor swiveled dwarfed souls, they are like the Pharisees who liked to stand on the street corners and in other public places and display their self righteousness, praying "Oh God I thank thee that I am not as this Publican." Their time of self glorification was short lived and so will our Pharisee of to day be. Let us all do our mite, make our personal sacrifices and help to win this the greatest war the world has ever known. We can we must and will win. Let us not lose sight of the fact that in our fight for freedom that our forefathers underwent great hardships and privations that the unborn generations might enjoy that freedom for which they fought and again in the sixties when our country was in



Keep in mind the fact that Bevo, being a soft drink, will freeze at 32° Fahrenheit—just like any other non-alcoholic beverage. Be careful about this, as freezing affects the rich fullness of that delightful Bevo flavor which goes so particularly well with a meal or a bite to eat. If Bevo were merely a summer beverage this warning might not be so timely—but, as all who drink it know—

Bevo is an all-year-'round drink

Everybody enjoys it for more than just its thirst-quenching qualities—the pleasure it gives comes from its flavor, purity and wholesome nutritiousness—the enjoyment of these qualities is independent of time or season.

To get full pleasure out of Dutch lunches, Welsh rarebits, oysters, clams, lobsters, sausage, cheese and many other such delicious edibles, Bevo should be included.

You will find Bevo at inns, cafeterias, restaurants, groceries, department and drug stores, soda fountains, dining cars, steamships, canteens, soldiers' homes, navy, and other places where refreshing soft drink beverages are sold.

Your grocer will supply you by the case. Demand the genuine—have the bottle opened in front of you—see that the seal is unbroken covering the crown top and see that the crown top bears the Fox.



Bevo is sold in bottles only, and is bottled exclusively by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH—ST. LOUIS

Chattanooga Beverage Co.

Distributors CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

LIVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved
After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadorsville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak..."

I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few

doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Theodor's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member, of every family, at times, need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way. Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists. J. 69

the throes of civil strife, the blood of many of our near relatives stained the ground of many of battle fields fighting to perpetuate that freedom for which their fathers fought a century before, and while doing this they were cognizant of the fact that the country was being overrun by marauding bands and that many of their loved ones at home were at the mercies of these bands. After thinking these matters over in a sober discreet manner I am led to believe that we are much better off than were our parents in the earlier history of our country, even though the price fixed for our wheat, corn and other products are not just what we think it ought to be.

Loe, I did not start in to give you a lecture, but I am so full of the love of a free government and Democracy that I am willing to undergo hardships for a period at least, that I may be of some light service to the government that has given me freedom all my life.

Your Brother,
Walker Bryant.

I keep on hands a full stock of coffins, caskets, and robes. I also keep Metallic Caskets, and Steel Boxes and two hearses. We keep extra large caskets. Prompt service night or day. Residence Phone 29, office phone 163 45-1st J. F. Triplett, Columbia, Ky.

Berlin asserts that there are but 40,000 American troops in France.

The state will receive \$30,000 this year from the tax on chickens.

Col. Roosevelt is pronounced by his physicians to be out of danger.

A writer from Russia says that in the first ten months of the war the Russian casualties were 3,800,000.

The bill requiring all youths to register for the selective draft upon attaining the age of 21 is expected to pass this week.

Rear Admiral Jellicoe, former First Lord of the Admiralty of Great Britain, predicted that the submarines would be killed by August.

The Family Market Basket

By Dr. Samuel G. Dixon
Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania

On a Saturday morning a poor woman, with her baby in arms, was returning from the town to her home in the suburbs with a well-filled market basket.

In the electric train were two extravagantly dressed gentlemen sitting together, across the aisle from the woman and child. One was evidently suffering with a

bad cold, a serious infection, which the extremely changeable weather had made very prevalent. The sick individual was ignorant of sanitary laws, as well as police laws, for he was spitting the poisonous contents of the cough on the floor of the car. Directly the two well dressed individuals left the train at a way-station and the woman, being somewhat crowded with baby and basket in the seat divided with another passenger, moved to the place made vacant by the two men.

She carelessly placed her basket on the floor in such a manner that it took up a portion of the poisonous sputum. The rest of the story is easily told.

The basket was carried home and placed on the kitchen table, where the food to be eaten raw would be prepared for the family. The sickness of the baby in arms, and maybe other members of the family, can be left to the imagination.

To keep well, our foodstuffs must be kept clean.

Dry Goods High in Germany.

Dry goods prices as reported by German newspapers in their market reports have reached unprecedentedly high figures. Half wool stuffs formerly 38 cents a yard now command \$5.70; velvets, once \$1.44 are now \$12 a yard; saten, once 20 cents a yard, now cannot be had under \$2.88. Other textiles have advanced in like proportion, even shoe laces increasing to 20 times their antewar prices.

Frequently the Case.

Sometimes it is love at first sight of a bank account.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Roy.

Mr. Austin Wilson had the misfortune of losing a good milch cow recently.

On last Wednesday Mr. R. P. Grimsley and Miss Myrtle Redmon were united in wholly wedlock. The groom is a son of Rev. I. M. Grimsley and the bride is the only daughter of Mr. G. R. Redmon. All joy and happiness through life is the wish of the writer.

Mrs. H. J. Conover visited her mother near Dent one day last week.

Mrs. G. R. Redmon, who has been in declining health for some time, is some better at this writing.

Mrs. Mettie McElroy, who has bronchial trouble, is improving slowly.

Mr. Sam Conover, of Russell Springs, has purchased the farm near White Oak church, from Mrs. Fannie Acree and will erect a new dwelling house on it, and will be ready to move before a great while.

Mr. Geo. Epperson, of Columbia, visited his mother at this place, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Himand Womack and daughter, Miss Vester, of Chemoa, Ill., who visited relatives here, have returned home.

Mr. Olie Conover has moved to his place near here, recently purchased from Mr. Walker Bryant.

Mr. A. G. Bailey has been slaughtering hogs this week.

Mr. Shelby Calhoun will move to the Hurt farm, near Epperson's mill in a short time.

Dirigo.

Ace Pelston and family have removed from here to Bliss, and Claudy Stotts and family and Joe Stotts and family will remove to the farm vacated by M. Pelston, the Messrs. Stotts having purchased the farm from J. H. Kinnaird, of Metcalfe county, some weeks ago.

Appropriate exercises were held at the closing of the school at Bird schoolhouse last Thursday. Miss Reece is an excellent teacher and the patrons hope to have her services again next year.

Messrs. Isaah and Joseph Henson have purchased the old McClister store at this place and are rapidly filling the house with goods. This is without doubt one of the best country stands for a general store in Adair county and we predict that the Messrs. Henson will enjoy a fine and remunerative trade.

The young folks of the community were entertained with a candy breaking at the home of Mr. Arthur Royse, near here one night last week.

Hadis Harvey has purchased the one-half interest of Boss Sharp in the Hiram Stotts farm, near here, for \$400. This makes Mr. Harvey the sole owner of the farm which is one of the best small farms in this community.

J. C. Royse lost a fine hog one day last week. It was real fat and would have weighed over three hundred pounds. The cause of death is unknown.

From Georgia.

Feb. 22, 1918.

Editor of News:—

Please find space for a few lines.

Most all of the 336 Inf., of Camp Taylor, is stationed here. This is a beautiful place and the grass is beginning to get green.

Several of the boys don't like down here because they are a little farther away from town than they were at Camp Taylor.

But most of our time is spent in drilling and other forms of training. The smallest unit or "team" in the army is a squad. A squad usually consists of eight men, one of whom is the leader. He is called the "Corporal."

Within each rank, from the Major general to private, every man has his individual ranking, depending upon his length of service in the office which he holds. This ranking insures that in every situation somebody always has authority and is responsible for whatever is done.

Even if two private soldiers are working together without supervision, the one who has been longer in service takes charge, and the other must obey his orders. In civilian life there is time for argument. You may have better ideas than your boss about how a certain thing should be done and possibly may convince him and get his original order changed. In army life nothing of that kind will be permitted. The officers in charge always has the full responsibility and whatever order he gives must be instantly obeyed. It is far better to take action, even though the thing may not be done in the best possible way, than it is to stand and debate.

Like of immediate action in the crisis of a battle might mean that the army would be defeated thousands of lives lost, and possibly the honor of the country stained. The boys of Adair county, who are to enlist soon, will find nothing required of them that is beyond the power of every day Americans.

You will see clearly after you have been in the service awhile the path which you are to follow. Look forward with confidence. Enter the service with firm determination of doing your best at all times, of playing square with your superiors, your associates and yourself, and of taking care always of your assigned duties, whatever may happen. You will find that everyone else will treat you with courtesy and fairness—for that is the inflexible rule of the army. Out of that rule grows the courageship and the attractiveness, even in the face of all dangers and hardships, that are characteristic of army life.

If this escapes the waste basket I will try again.

Rollin Stapp.

Chickamauga Park, Ga.,
Camp Forest, 6th U. S. Inf.

Dunnville.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. White and little son visited at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mag Ruberts last Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Herschel Ford happened to a very serious accident last Thursday, while splitting wood, the ax slipped cutting off three of his toes. The physician was called and sewed his toes back.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Ruberts have returned home, after spending the winter with the latter's mother.

Miss Callie Hammond visited Miss Lora Beard, of Eunice, Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Mabel Combest is attending school at Liberty this winter.

Several cases of lagrippe are reported in this community.

Miss Lillie Ruberts was the guest of the Misses Ford Sunday.

Miss Fannie Cabell is being instructed in music by Miss Callie Hammond.

Misses Annie and Chloe Combest have entered school at the Western Normal.

Mr. Woodson Evans and family have gone to make Illinois their home.

Mr. Ike Dickerson, who has been on the sick list, is better at this writing.

Miss Shirley Williams, of Eunice, has been visiting her brother, R. D. Williams, of this place.

Joe Vaughan is completing a new barn.

The farmers of this community are taking advantage of the pretty weather by repairing their fences and burning tobacco beds.

Honor Roll.

Seniors.

Bonnie Judd

Sophomores.

Stanley Cundiff

Mary Hughes.

8th Grade.

Mary Summers

Virginia Smith

Virgie Pendleton.

7th Grade.

Morris Epperson.

Mabel Rosenbaum.

6th Grade.

Frances Russell

Allene Nell

Nell Smith

Allen Mercer

5th Grade.

Lucile Winfrey

4th Grade.

Gladys Ingram

German Comer

Milton Grissom

Ira Hutchison

Howard Noe

Louise Grissom

Geo. H. Nell & Son

Grocers Par Excellence
Caterers To The Elite

We have just received a new lot of Fresh, New Pure Food Supplies, that are fully endorsed by Mr. Hoover and all who are interested in Food Conservation.

Everything that's Good to Eat at WAR PRICES.

We Make and Sell
MY-COCA
For all Seasons

The Up-To-Date Sanitary Grocery House of Columbia

Geo. H. Nell & Son.

Real Estate Bought and Sold

FARMING LANDS

If you want to sell your farm to the best advantage, see our contract and list with us at once. If you want a farm or other real estate, let us figure with you and for you. Oil Land Leases bought and sold. Abstracts furnished.

C. G. Jeffries Realty Co., Columbia, Ky.

Jeffries Hotel.

citizens, was at this place last week. He gets about fine for a person of his age.

Mr. Ed Sexton and Miss Minnie Wilson were married at the home of the bride, Feb. 7. Both are popular young folks of the neighborhood. May success and happiness be theirs is the wish of the writer.

Mr. Amos Coomer sold his farm to Willis Coomer for \$1,200. Our deputy clerk, Mr. Bud Fletcher, will be kept quite busy writing deeds if folks continue to sell their farms.

Markets.

Louisville, March 4.—Cattle—Prime export steers \$11.50@12; heavy shipping \$10@11.50; light \$8@10; heifers \$7@11; fat cows \$9@10; medium \$7.50@9; cutters \$6.75@7.50; canners \$5.75@6; 75 bulls \$6@10.50; feeders \$7@10; stockers \$6; 10 choice milk cows \$6.50@100; medium \$60@80; common \$40@60.

Calves—Receipts 91 head. The market ruled 50c lower; best veals \$11@12; medium 9@12; common 6@9c. Hogs—Receipts 2,819 head. Prices were established on a steady basis. The best hogs, 165 lbs up \$17; 120 to 165 \$16.60; pigs \$13.85@14.85; roughs \$15.40 down.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 10 head no changes were noted in prices; best sheep \$9@10, bucks \$8 down; best lambs \$16@16.50; seconds \$12@12.50; culls \$8@9.

Butter—Country 32@34c lb. Eggs—Fresh, case count 28 doz; candied 29@30c.

Poultry—Because of an order of the United States Food Administration dealers cannot purchase hens or pull-ets until after April 20; large young roosters are quoted at 22@25c per lb. old roosters 17@20c; ducks 19@20c; turkeys 25@28c; geese 17@22c; guineas 30c each.

Rugby.

The farmers are taking advantage of this pretty weather and a few are breaking corn ground and others are fencing and making preparations for a large corn and tobacco crop.

Columbia Barber Shop

LOY & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, Where Both Satisfaction And Gratification Are Guaranteed

Give Us A Trial And Be Convinced.

HENRY W. DEPP,

DENTIST

Am permanently located in Columbia.

All Classes of Dental work done. Crowds and Inlay work a Specialty. All Work Guaranteed.

Office:—Over Sullivan's Barber Shop

L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

Special attention given Diseases of all Domestic Animals

Office at Residence, 1 mile of town, on Jamestown road.

Phone 114 G.

Columbia, Ky.

15 Years Practice Consultation Free

Dr. James Menzies

OSTEOPATH

Butler Bldg on Public Square.

COLUMBIA KY.,

During the war and this great scarcity of food products the Government ought to limit the acreage of tobacco to 1½ acres per family. If something is not done, all of the young men being in the army the remainder of hired help gone to another State for higher wages, our food for another year is going to come up short and some one is going to go hungry.